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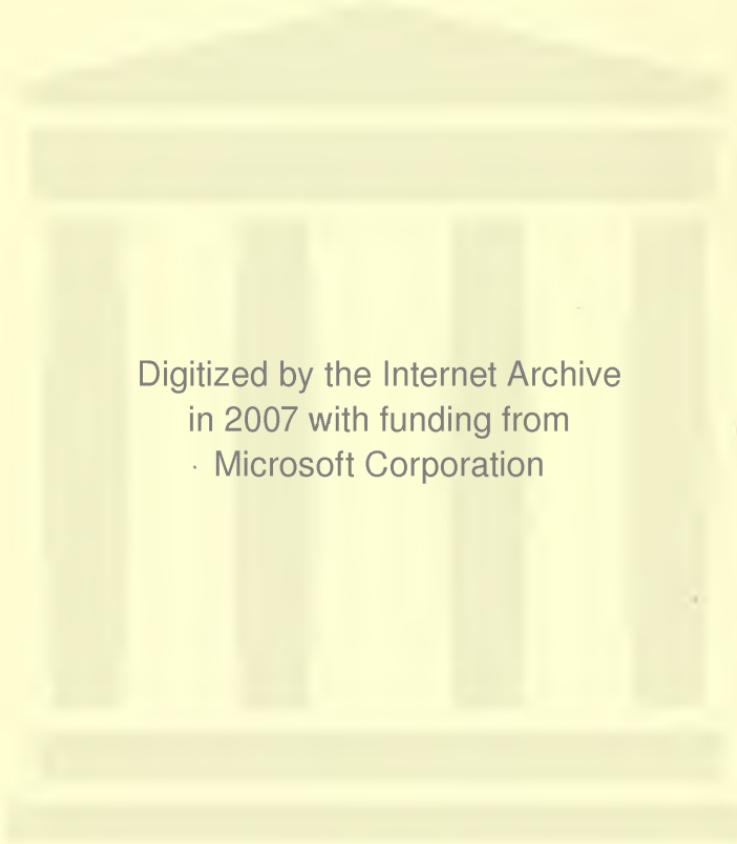
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A Book of Satires



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Horace: a medal of about the Fourth Century,
probably based on a portrait bust in existence at that
time.

A Book of Satires

By

Q. Horatius Flaccus

Edited by

Charles Loomis Dana

and

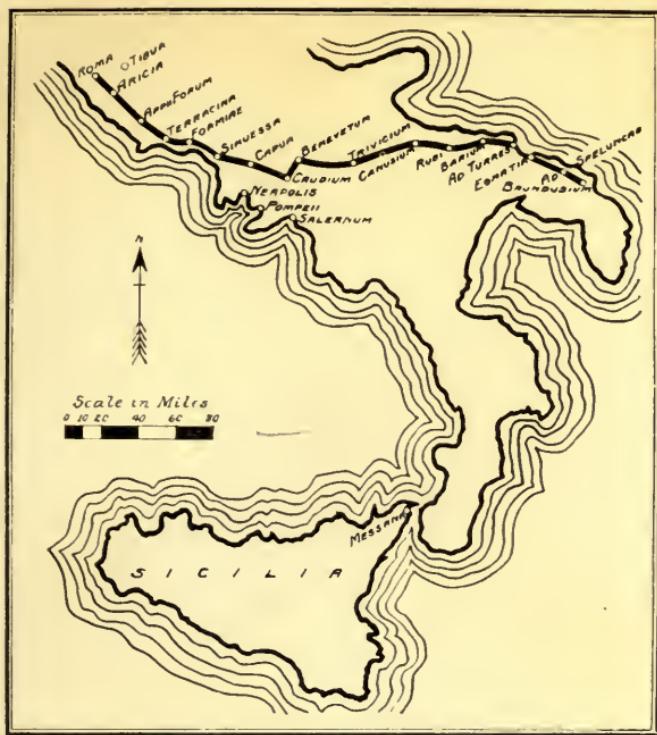
John Cotton Dana

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Route of Horace on his seventeen day trip across Italy, B. C.
37, showing the towns and villages at which he stopped.

Horace :
Quintus Horatius Flaccus

*Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illa
Contentas vivat? laudet diversa sequentes?
O! fortunati mercatores, gravis armis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.*

TO MAECENAS

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK

This first of Horace's Satires is highly esteemed as a literary composition, although it is mainly plain preaching. The subject is the discontent of man with his lot, which discontent he attributes to a desire to possess more money. The part of the satire in which this point is argued is not very interesting or convincing, so we omit it and publish only the first and last portions. Horace was only about thirty years of age when he wrote this poem. It is not the kind of thing young men compose at the present time, unless they are of the clergy. It contains some up-to-date sentiments, however. In praise of a soldier's life he says: "A short life and a merry one". "They only are happy who live in a city", says the farmer of Roman times and of today. Jealousy has many proverbs and Horace gives one: "This man pines away because his neighbor's goat gives more milk than his own." The conclusion of the satire contains wisdom, poetry and truth.

FABIUS in the Satire is the name of some tiresome and loquacious person.

CRISPINUS was a voluminous writer of verse on the Stoic philosophy.

How is it Maecenas that no one lives contented with his lot, whether his own judgment led him to choose it or chance threw it in his way?

He is always praising those following another pursuit.

"Happy merchant", says the soldier, weighed down by his arms and exhausted by hard work.

*Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
 Militia est potior: quid enim? concurritur: horae
 Momento, cita mors venit, aut victoria laeta.
 Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
 Ille datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
 Caetera de genere hoc (ado sunt multa) loquacem
 Delassare valent Fabium: ne te morer, audi
 Quo rem deducam. Si quis deus, En ego, dicat,
 Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
 Mercator: tu, consultus modo, rusticus: hinc vos,
 Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus. Eia,
 Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis.
 Quid causae est, merito quin illis Juppiter ambas
 Iratus buccas inflet? neque se fore posthac
 Tam facilem dicat, votis ut praebat aurem?
 Praeterea, ne sic, ut qui Jocularia, ridens
 Percurram; (quanquam ridentem dicere verum
 Quid vetat? ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi
 Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima)
 Sed tamen amoto quaeramus seria ludo.*

* * * * *

But the merchant, whose ship is being tossed by stormy winds, cries : "The soldier's life is better : he is hurried into battle and at once meets a quick death or a joyful victory."

The learned lawyer, when his clients come at cock-crow knocking at his door, praises the farmer.

The farmer, having given bail for his appearance, is summoned to town from the country, and now declares only those are happy who live in the city.

Examples of this kind are so many, that they would tire even the talkative Fabius, and so not to delay you more, observe how I shall end the case.

Suppose a god should say, "Come, I'll do what you wish ; you who are now a soldier shall be a merchant ; and you, now a lawyer, shall be a farmer. Begone, now, and take up your changed careers. What ! why do you stand still ? "

They all refuse, though they are allowed to be made happy. What reason is there why Jupiter, now provoked, should not inflate his cheeks at them, and declare that he will never again be so gracious as to give ear to their prayers. But I will change the subject, lest I finish it smiling as though it were all a joke. Though what prevents one from telling the truth with a smile ; as good natur'd masters used sometimes to coax their boys with candies to learn their first lesson ? But, joking aside, let us look into serious things.

[Horace thereupon begins an argument to show the foolishness

*Illuc, unde abii, redeo ; nemon' ut avarus
Se probet? at potius laudet diversa sequentes?
Quodque aliena capella gerat distentius uber,
Tabescat? neque se majori pauperiorum
Turbae comparet? hunc atque hunc superare laboret?
Sic festinati semper locupletior obstat :
Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus,
Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum
Praeteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.
Inde fit, ut raro, qui se vixesse beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitae
Cedat, uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
Jam satis est : ne me Crispini scrinia lippi
Compilasse putas, verbum non amplius addam.*

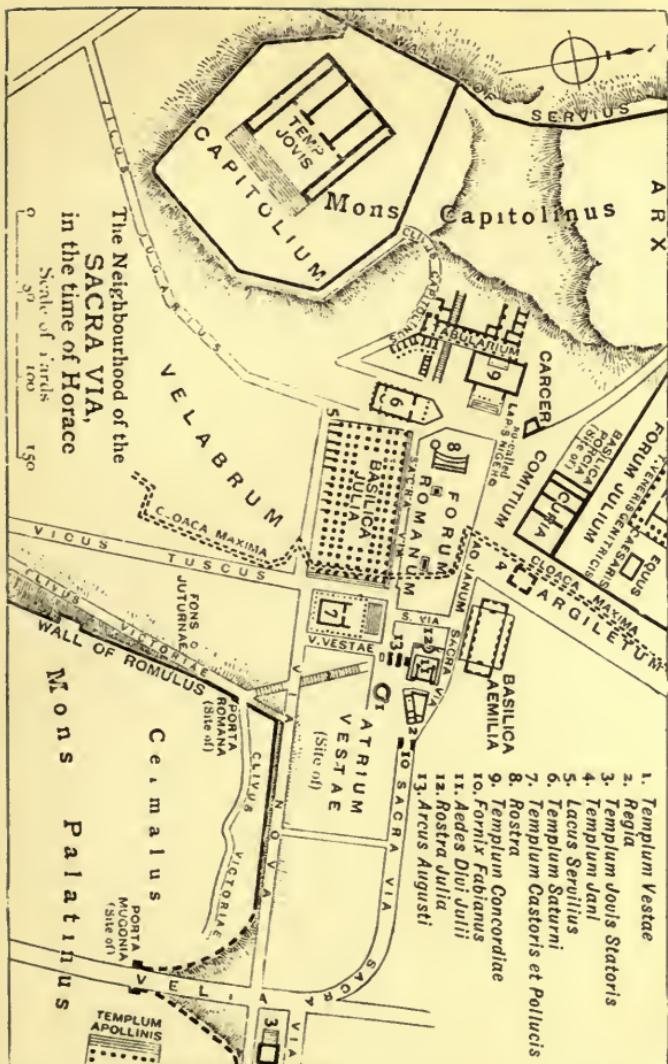
of saving money which one cannot use, and the discontent caused by its pursuit, arguing the matter with an imaginary defender of riches. He then ends his Satire with a return to the first topic; discontent with one's lot.]

But I resume the subject which I left. No man, any more than the miser, approves of his own state; but prefers to praise those who follow different pursuits. He frets because his neighbor's goat gives more milk than his own. He does not compare his lot with that of the great mass of the poor; but is always striving to surpass this or that rich man, and the rich man always impedes him, hurrying also to get richer. As in a race, the horse whirls along the chariot, as soon as it leaves the starting point, and the driver presses on to pass the horses ahead of his own, despising always those he has passed and left among the hindermost.

Hence it is that we are rarely able to find one who can say he has lived entirely happy, and who, when his time comes, quits this stage of life with satisfaction like a sated guest.

But this is enough, Maecenas, I will not add a word more, lest you imagine I have pirated the papers of blear-eyed Crispinus.

*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Caesar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris atque suam, non*



ON FRIENDSHIP AND HOW FRIENDS SHOULD TREAT EACH OTHER

THE THIRD SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK

A year or two before the present verses were written, when Horace was about twenty-six years old, he wrote a coarse and rather scurillous satire—in fact he probably wrote several. He seems in the following discourse to be a little apologetic. People, he says, are often very queer; he has some minor faults himself; friends ought to overlook or interpret kindly each other's defects. When faults are trivial, punishment should be light.

He digresses for a time in order to discuss a doctrine of the Stoics, which he thinks academic and impractical, and he announces himself as an opportunist:

“utilitas, justi prope mater et aequi”

The person in the poem whose defects of character are set forth as introduction and text is a certain Tigellus, a famous Sardinian singer and a favorite of Caesar, Cleopatra and Antony. We know nothing more about him, but Horace's description shows that he had the artistic temperament very highly developed.

Horace took his friendships much more seriously than he did his love affairs, and he now, while quite a young man, shows how friendships can be made and kept.

It is the fault of all singers that they are never inclined to sing when they are invited; but when not asked they will sing on forever. This was the case with Tigellus, the Sardinian. Caesar could have ordered him to sing, but if he ever asked him, on the

*Quicquam proficeret : si collibuisset, ab ovo
Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche ! modo summa
Voce, modo hac, resonat quae chordis quatuor ima.
Nil aequale homini fuit illi : saepe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem ; persaepe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret ; habebat saepe ducentos,
Saepe decem servos : modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna, loquens : modo, Sit mihi mensa tripes,
et*

*Concha salis puri, et toga quae defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis : noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Mane, diem totum stertebat ; nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi, Quid tu ?
Nullane habes vitia ? Imo alia, et fortasse minora.
Maenius absentem Novium cum carperet ; Heus tu,
Quidam ait, ignoras te ? an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas ? Egomet mi ignosco, Maenius inquit.*

ground of his own and his father's friendship, he would be refused. When Tigellus himself was so disposed, however, he would chant "*Io Bacche*", from egg to apple,* now in his highest pitch, now in that which resounds to the deepest note of the tetrachord.

There was, indeed, no one quite like this fellow. He would often rush along the streets as if flying from enemies; more often he stalked along as if bearing the sacred emblems of Juno. He was followed sometimes by two hundred slaves—sometimes by ten. Now he declaims of kings and tetrarchs and everything magnificent; now he cries: "Give me only a three-legged table, a shell of pure salt, and a toga which, though coarse, will protect me from the weather." Yet should you give a million sesterces to this frugal gentleman, so content with modest things, in five days there would be nothing in his purse. He would sit up all night and snore through the whole day. There was never anyone quite equal to Tigellus.

Now some one may say to me: "What about yourself, have you no faults?"

I admit faults, but of another kind, and perhaps less serious. When Maenius was beginning to say mean things about the absent Novius, "Wait", says one, "are you so ignorant of your own defects that you think you can impose on us as though we did not know you?" "I can find an excuse for myself", says Maenius.

* From the first to the last course of dinner.

*Stultus et improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.
Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? At tibi
contra*

*Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus et illi.
Iracundior est paulo? minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum? rideri possit, eo quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus haeret? At est bonus, ut melior vir
Non aliis quisquam: at tibi amicus: at ingenium
ingens*

*Inculo latet hoc sub corpore. Denique te ipsum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim
Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala; namque
Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.*

*Illuc praevertamur; amatorem quod amicae
Turpia decipiunt caecum vilia, aut etiam ipsa haec
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnae.
Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus, et isti
Errori nomen virtus possuisset honestum.
At, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus, amici*

Such an attitude is foolish, unjust and deserves to be condemned.

You overlook your own defects like a sore-eyed man with anointed lids, but you mark the defects of your friends as acutely as if you had the sharp sight of an eagle or an Epidaurian serpent. It may happen in turn that these people you criticise will inquire into your own shortcomings also.

A friend may be a little hasty or not very amenable to the prodding [sharp noses] of others. He may be laughed at because his toga hangs awkwardly and his hair is cut clownishly, or because his shoes hang too loosely to his feet. But he is a good fellow, no one better, and your true friend; and great talent lies concealed in his imperfections.

Just try to see whether nature has ever implanted the seeds of any vices in you or whether they have not been developed by your evil habits. And remember that the fern, fit only to be burned, overruns neglected fields.

You might bear in mind also how the blinded lover takes no notice of the disagreeable defects of his mistress; they even give him pleasure; as the wart on Agna's nose pleases her loving Balbinus.

I wish that we might err in friendship in this way, so that morality would give to this weakness of our affections an honorable name.

And as a father does not find fault with his son if

*Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire : stragonem
Appellat Puelum pater ; et Pullum, male parvus
Si cui filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus : hunc Varum, distortis cruribus ; illum
Balbutit Scaurum, pravis fultum male talis.
Parcius hic vivit ? frugi dicatur. Ineptus
Et jactantior hic paulo est ? concinnus amicis
Postulat ut videatur. At est truculentior, atque
Plus aequo liber ? simplex fortisque habeatur.
Caldior est ? acres inter numeretur. Opinor,
Haec res et jungit, junctos et servat amicos.
At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
Nobiscum vivit ? Multum est demissus homo : illi
Tardo, cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes
Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum ?
(Cum genus hoc inter vitae versetur, ubi acris
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina) pro bene sano
Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
Simplicior quis, et est, qualem me saepe libenter
Obtulerim tibi, Maecenas, ut forte legentem
Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone ? Molestus !
Communi sensu plane caret, inquimus. Eheu
Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam !*

he has some imperfection, so we ought to treat our friends. The father calls his squint-eyed boy a Poetus [ogle-eyed]. If he has a badly dwarfed child like little Sisyphus, he calls him his " ducky " ; this one with distorted legs he called a Varus ; that one who is club-footed he fondly calls a Scaurus.*

So if your friend lives too sparingly, call him frugal ; if he is untactful, impertinent (*impetus*) and a little too boastful, let this make him interesting to his friends. If he is somewhat rude and more free than is proper, just look upon him as a blunt, plain fellow and courageous. If he is too passionate, let him be esteemed as a man of spirit. This plan, I think, both makes friends and keeps them as such.

But we are inclined to the opposite and love to turn even virtues into defects and so soil a clean vessel. If any one lives with us in an upright and unassuming way, we call him dull and fat-headed. If a certain friend avoids all snares and lays himself open to no evil design (as is needful in these days when bitterness, envy and crime so flourish) we call him, not simply sensible and cautious, but hypocritical and shrewd. If any one is too unsophisticated (as I often showed myself to you, not unpleasantly, Maecenas), so that he by chance stupidly interrupts one when reading or silent, we say that he has no sense.

* Varus and Scaurus were the names of persons of noble family who had these deformities.

*Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urguetur. Amicus dulcis, ut aequum est,
Cum mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce
(Si modo plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet : amari
Si volet hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.
Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Postulat, ignoscet verrucis illius. Aequum est,
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.
Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium irae,
Caetera item nequeunt stultis haerentia ; cur non
Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur ? ac, res
Ut quaeque est, ita suppliciis delicta coerct ?
Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus
Semesos pisces tepidumque ligurrierit jus,
In cruce suffigat, Labeone insanior inter
Sanos dicatur. Quanto hoc furiosius atque
Majus peccatum est ? Paulum deliquit amicus ;
(Quod nisi concedas, habeare insuavis, acerbus,)
Odisti et fugis, ut Rusonem debitor aeris ?
Qui, nisi, cum tristes misero venere Calendae,
Mercedem aut nummos unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugalo historias, captivus ut, audit.
Comminxit lectum potus, mensave catillum
Evandri maribus tritum dejecit ; ob hanc rem,
Aut positum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini
Sustulit esuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus*

Alas, how rash we are to approve of a practice that works against ourselves. For no one is without defects, and he is best who has the least. When my dear friend sets off my good qualities against my defects, let him, if he wishes to be beloved, incline toward my more numerous good qualities (if they are more numerous). He will himself be treated after the same rule. Whoever expects not to disgust a friend with his own wens should not mind his friends' warts. It is only fair that one who asks pardon for his own faults should grant it to others. In fine, since faults of temper and character, innate in foolish mortals, can not be entirely eradicated, why not exercise our reason with independence, and accord to each case punishment according to the real degree of the fault?

If any one should crucify his slave, who, while taking away a dish, gobbled up the half-eaten fish and tepid sauce, he would be called by sensible people crazier than Labea.

But how much madder and more serious fault is this: a friend is guilty of a small error, which you ought to overlook unless you wish to be considered disagreeable and ill-natured. But as a matter of fact instead of ignoring it you hate and avoid him as a poor debtor does Russo.

As for me, if a friend when in liquor soil my couch or throw down from the table a vessel worn by the hands of Evander; or if, because he is hungry, he

*Sit mihi? Quid faciam si furtum fecerit, aut si
Prodiderit commissa fide sponsumve negarit?
Quis paria esse fere placuit peccata laborant
Cum ventum ad verum est; sensus moresque repug-
nant
Atque ipsa utilitas, justi prope mater et aequi.*

* * * * *

*Ignocent si quid peccaro stultus amici,
Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter,
Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus.*

snatches chicken out of my part of the dish, he shall not by this be any less my jocund friend. Indeed if I punished him for this, what should I do if he committed a theft, or betrayed things committed to his trust, or repudiated his bond?

Those who are pleased to think that all faults are about alike are in difficulty when they come to practice; in our feelings and our conduct we reject such a view, and expediency (*utilitas*), which is almost the mother of *what is just and right*, approves our judgment.

[Horace continues this Satire (II 98-123) with further criticism on the Stoic's view that all faults are alike and argues that laws and human conduct should be so arranged that appropriate and different penalties be given according to the character of each offense. He adds also some criticism of the Stoic's teaching that the truly wise man has every quality in him from that of king to that of cobbler. As he presents the Stoic's case his criticism is so obvious that I am sure that his conception of the real doctrine was not a true one, though it was probably one emphasized by the rhetoricians.

He concludes with a renewed exhortation to his friends to be forbearing and charitable.]

My dear friends will forgive if I foolishly commit a fault and in turn I shall cheerfully put up with their faults, and, though only a private citizen, I shall live more happily than your Stoic king.

ON THE ART AND NEED OF WRITING
SATIRES; ALSO ON FRIENDSHIP; AND
ON HIS EARLY TRAINING

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK

Persons of the Satire

Lucilius (B. C. 148-103). A Latin poet and writer of bitter and violent Satires, of which we have no remains.

Eupolis, Cratinus and Aristophanes (B. C. 441-386), who were the leading writers of old Athenian comedy. In this form of drama the characters and subjects were representations from life.

Crispinus, a poet.

Sulcius } public informers
Caprius }

Publius Capitolinus, a man who had been charged with theft.

Albius, a collector of bronzes—possibly the poet *Albius Tibullus*.

Pomponeius, a dissipated youth.

Caelius and Birrus, robbers.

Tigellus, a professional singer.

Rufillus and Gargonius, dandies.

Patilius Capitolinus, formerly a governor of the Capitol.

Trebonius, a person of low character.

Horace criticizes the satires of *Lucilius* and defends his own work and methods, admitting that he is not in them poetical and that satire is hardly poetry. He denies that he is malicious and

*Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poëtae,
Atque alii quorum comoedia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi quod matus ac fur,
Quod moechus foret aut sicarius aut alioqui
Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.
Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce secutus
Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque, facetus,
Emunctae naris, durus, componere versus.
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus: in hora saepe ducentos
Ut magnum versus dictabat stans pede in uno.
Cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles;
Garrulus atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi recte: nam ut multum nil morror. Ecce,
Crispinus minimo me provocat: “Accipe, si vis,
Accipiam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes; videamus uter plus scribere possit.”
“Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finixerunt animi, raro et perpaucia loquentis.
At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras,*

proceeds to show that satirical pieces are quite a justifiable type of composition. He asserts the claims of friendship, and he describes in an admirable and tender manner his father's wise method of educating him.

Horace wrote this piece soon after his rather vulgar and disagreeable second Satire. A little later he wrote the Tenth, perhaps to appease the admirers of Lucilius.

Eupolis, Cratinus and Aristophanes and other writers of ancient Comedy attacked with great freedom any one worth attacking if he were a rogue, a thief, a libertine, a murderer, or infamous on any other account.

Lucilius took his methods from these writers, imitating them and changing only the feet and measure. He was an amusing writer, a man of keen wit, but rapid in composition, and in this respect quite faulty. He would often dictate two hundred verses standing up on one foot—as if it were a great thing. Sometimes he wrote vulgarly, and put in things one would wish omitted. He was a diffuse author, but too indolent to take the trouble to write correctly; for as to quantity I do not count that a merit. I notice Crispinus here offers to bet me great odds on this point: "Come, if you please", he says, "and take your tablets, give us a place, a timer and judge; let us see which of us can write the more!"

The gods did well when they made me of a modest and retiring mind, speaking rarely and few words. But you, Fannius, imitate the wind that blows from the

*Usque laborantes dum ferrum molliat ignis,
Ut mavis imitare.” Beatus Fannius ulti
Delatis capsis et imagine; cum mea nemo
Scripta legat volgo recitare timentis ob hanc rem,
Quod sunt quos genus hoc minime juvat, utpote plures
Culpari dignos. Quemvis media erue turba:
Aut ob avaritiam aut misera ambitione laborat.
Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum;
Hunc capit argenti splendor; stupet Albius aere;
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio, quin per mala praeceps
Ferti uti pulvis collectus turbine, ne quid
Summa deperdat metuens aut ampliet ut rem.
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poëtas.
“ Foenum habet in cornu; longe fuge: dummodo
risum*

*Excutiat sibi non hic cuiquam parcer amico;
Et quod cunque semel chartis illeverit omnes
Gestiet a furno redeuntes scire lacque,
Et pueros et anus.” Agedum, pauca accipe contra.
Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poëtis,*

goatskin bellows and puffs away till the iron melts in the heat. You are happy, Fannius, in parading your works and your bust in the Town.

Meanwhile no one reads my poems, for I am too timid to read them in public ; and there are as few people who like my style of writing, as there are many who deserve my criticism. Why shall I not criticize ?

Take any crowd at random : You will find here a man who is grasping or unscrupulously ambitious ; another who is mad over his love affairs or over his slaves. Another is taken with collecting old silver, or, like Albius, is enamored with his old bronzes. This merchant is forever trading from the regions of sunrise to those of sunset and is carried along through the troubles of his career like dust in the whirlwind, always afraid of losing his stock or hoping to increase his business.

All such people dislike my verses ; they hate the satirical poet and say : " He has hay on his horns "— " keep far away ". " So long as he can have his jest he will not spare his friend ". " Whatever he has once scribbled he will hurry to read publicly, even if it is to the boys and old women returning from the bakeries and the river bank."

But come now and hear a few words on the other side.

In the first place, I except myself from the list of those whom I would call poets ; for we do not say that

*Excerptam numero : neque enim concludere versum
 Dixeris esse satis ; neque si qui scribat uti nos
 Sermoni propiora : putas hunc esse poetam.
 Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior atque os
 Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
 Idcirco quidam, comoedia necne poema
 Esset, quoesivere, quod acer spiritus ac vis
 Nec verbis nec rebus inest. nisi quod pede certo
 Differt sermoni sermo merus. At pater ardens
 Saevit, quod meretrice nepos insanus amica
 Filius uxorem grandi cum dote recuset,
 Ebrius et, magnum quod dedecus, ambulet ante
 Noctem cum facibus. Numquid Pomponius istis
 Audiret leviora pater si viveret ? Ergo
 Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis,
 Quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem
 Quo personatus pacto pater. His ego quae nunc,
 Olim quae scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
 Tempora certa modosque, et quod prius ordine ver-
 bum est
 Posterius facias, praeponens ultima primis,
 Non, ut si solvas “ Postquam Discordia tetra
 Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit ”,
 Invenias etiam disjecti membra poëtae.*

to be one it is sufficient to compose verses ; and if any one write as I do things quite near to prose you will not consider him a poet. You give the honor of his name to one who has genius, a divine mind and a mouth that can sound forth great things.

Some indeed have questioned whether or not comedy be poetry, for there is no sublimity of spirit or force either in its form or in its subjects. It is mere prose except that it has a certain measure. To be sure, one may say that comedy portrays the passion of an angry father raging because his dissolute son who has gone crazy over an unworthy mistress and refuses to marry a wife with a dower and who, disgracefully drunk, runs about with lighted torches before it is dark. But this, after all, is the portrayal of ordinary human experience. The dissolute Pomponius would hear no less violent language if his father were alive. Therefore it is not sufficient to make verse with choice words, which on analysis you will find to contain only the expressions any excited person might use. If you take from my verses and those of Lucilius the measures and rhythm and transpose the words you will not get such a result as when you break up such lines of true poetry as

" After black discord broke
The iron bars and gates of war."

Here you would find the disjected members of real poetry.

*Hactenus haec : alias justum sit necne poëma,
Nunc illud tantum quaeram, meritone tibi sit
Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer
Ambulat et Caprius rauci male cumque libellis,
Magnus uturque timor latronibus ; at bene si quis
Et vivate puris manibus contemnat utrumque.
Ut sis tu similis Caeli Birrique latronum,
Non ego sum Capri neque Sulci : cur metuas me ?
Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
Quis manus insudet volgi Hermogenisque Tigelli :
Nec recito cuiquam nisi amicis, idque coactus,
Non ubivis coramve quibuslibet. In medio qui
Scripta foro recitent sunt multi quique lavantes :
Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. Inanes
Hoc juvat, haud illud querentes, num sine sensu,
Tempore num faciant alieno. “ Laedere gaudes ”,
Inquit, “ et hoc studio pravus facis. ” Unde petitum
Hoc in me jacis ? Est auctor quis denique eorum
Vixi cum quibus ? Absentem qui rodit amicum ;
Qui non defendit alio culpante ; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis ;*

So much for this—at another time you will see further whether or not comedy may be poetry. Now I will ask again this: whether you are right to view this kind of writing with prejudice.

Sulcius and Caprius walk along, hoarse from shouting their malevolent libels; each is a great terror to thieves, but if any one lives honestly and with clean hands he ignores them both.

But if you are like the robbers Caelius and Birrus, I am not like the informers Caprius and Sulcius. You need not fear me, for I let no shop or stall hold my little books, nor over them do the hands of the common herd or of Hermogenes and Tigellus sweat. I do not recite to any one except my friends, and to them only when compelled, and not anywhere except before those who ask. There are many who recite their writings in the middle of the market place, others while bathing—the vaulted ceiling re-echoes pleasantly the voice. This charms the vain who do not consider whether they do a thing without propriety and at an inopportune time.

But, you say, I delight to criticise and do it with malicious purpose. From whom did you get this idea you ascribe to me? Is the author any one who is intimate with me? Whoever calumniates an absent friend, or who does not defend him when another attacks; whoever raises groundless laughter about him, seeking the reputation of wit; whoever is willing to

*Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Saepe tribus lectis videoas coenare quaternos,
Equibus unus amet quavis adspergere cunclos
Praeter eum qui praebet aquam; post hunc quoque
potus,*

*Condita cum verax aperit praecordia Liber.
Hic tibi comis et urbanus liberque videtur,
Infesto nigris. Ego si risi quod ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet. Gargonius hircum,
Lividus et mordax videor tibi? Mentio si qua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli
Te coram fuerit, defendas ut tuus est mos.*

*“Me Capitolinus convictore usus amicoque
A puero est causaque mea permulta rogatus
Fecit, et incolmis laetor quod vivit in urbe;
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto judicium illud
Fugerit.” Hic nigrae succus loliginis, haec est
Aerugo mera. Quod vitium procul afore chartis
Atque animo prius, ut si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud vere, promitto. Liberius si
Dixerit quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris*

fabricate a tale or even cannot keep silent over secrets committed to him—he is black [a dangerous man]. Beware of him, Romans.

You will often find at a banquet where twelve guests are resting on their three couches, someone who loves in his way to asperse all the rest—except the host (*ne qui praebet aquam*)—and him also after he has drunken and truth-telling Bacchus opens the secrets of his heart (*condita praecordia*). Such a man as this may seem to you, who are so hostile to criticism (*nigris*), courteous, wellbred and companionable. If I, however, tell the truth and say that the foolish Rufillus smells of perfumes and Gargonius of the goats I seem to you venomous and sarcastic (*lividus et mordax*).

If any mention should be made in your presence of the thefts of Capitolinus Pestillius, you defend him after your custom. "Capitolinus has been my host, and my friend from boyhood. He has done many kindnesses at my request and I am glad he is able to live safely in the city. Nevertheless, I wonder by what scheme he escaped that judgment against him." This is the essence of black slander, this is the purest malice (*nigrae succus loliginis haec est aerugo mera*). This is a crime which shall be always absent from my writings and still more from my heart, so long as I can promise anything about myself. If I ever speak of anything too freely, or perhaps too jocosely, you should grant me this freedom and forgive it.

*Cum venia dabis: insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quaeque notando.
Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset:
"Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius, utque
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum ne patriam
rem*

*Perdere quis velit." A turpi meretricis amore
Cum deterret: "Scetani dissimilis sis."
Ne sequerer moechas concessa cum venere uti
Possem: "Deprensi non bella est fama Treboni,"
Aiebat. "Sapiens vitatu quidque petitu
Sit melius causas reddet tibi: mi satis est si
Traditum ab antiquis morem servare tuamque,
Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
Incolumem possum; simul ac duraverit aetas
Membra animumque tuum nabis sine cortice." Sic
me*

*Formabat puerum dictis; et sive jubebat
Ut facerem quid: "Habes auctorem quo facias
hoc; "*

*Unum ex judicibus selectis objiciebat;
Sive vetabat: "An hoc dishonestum et inutile factu
Necne sit addubites, flagret rumore malo cum
Hic atque ille? Avidos vicinum funus et aegros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit;*

Sermōnū

Cxxii

Virgilius Maecenas Plotius

Varius



Satyrā quīna

ampliā hancūm cōmōdū

et Gressum magna me cepit aridā romā

et adū pā

Introductory illustration to the fifth Satire, from the celebrated Gurninger Horace, Strasburg, 1498. Portraits of Maecenas and of the three friends who joined Horace at Sinuessa.

My very good father brought me up to avoid vices by showing me examples when he would teach me to live modestly and frugally, and content with what he could himself supply me. "Do you not see", he would say, "how wretchedly the son of Albius lives and the impoverished Barrus?"—great warnings that one should not wish to waste the paternal estate. When he would deter me from the shameful love of a courtesan: "Do not become like Sectanus", he said. That I might not follow dissolute women when I could indulge legitimate passion he would say: "The reputation of Trebonius caught in the act is not good."

"The philosopher", he said, "may give you better reasons than I what things are to be avoided or sought after". It is enough for me to inculcate the habits and traditions of our fathers and to preserve your life and reputation while you are yet in need of a guardian.

When age has strengthened your body and mind you can swim without a cork (*nabis sine cortice*). So he formed me a boy with his instructions (*sic me formabat puerum dictis*). And if he bid me do some good action: "You have an example for doing this", and instanced one of the select judges. Or if he forbade me: "Do you hesitate whether or not this is a dishonest and useless thing to do, when this and that man are branded with evil reputation through doing it?" As the funeral of a neighbor frightens the intemperate invalid and obliges him to take care of himself

*Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria saepe
Absterrent vitiis." Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis
Perniciem quaecunque ferunt, mediocribus et quis
Ignoscas vitiis teneor; fortassis et istinc
Largiter abstulerit longa aetas, liber amicus,
Consilium proprium; neque enim cum lectulus aut
me*

*Porticus excepit desum mihi. "Rectius hoc est:
Hoc faciens vivam melius: Sic dulcis amicis
Occurram: Hoc quidam non belle: numquid ego illi
Imprudens olim faciam simile?" Haec ego mecum
Compressis agito labris; ubi quid datur oti
Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum; cui si concedere nolis,
Multa poëtarum veniat manus, auxilio quae
Sit mihi (nam multo plures sumus), ac veluti te
Judaei cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

through his fear of death, so the opprobrium that has fallen on others often deters tender minds from vices. By this kind of teaching I was kept free from those things which bring ruin to character, though I confess to petty faults and those which you will condone, and perhaps a longer experience or a candid friend and good counsel will largely free me from these. For indeed when my couch or my house receives me I am not without these thoughts : This is the more commendable act ; doing this I shall live more happily and in this I shall meet my friends agreeably. A certain man has done a thing not well. Shall I do like him ?

I agitate these things with myself with compressed lips. When I have any leisure I amuse myself with my writings. This is one of those lesser faults which if you will not forgive I will call a great band of poets to my help, for indeed we are more numerous than you think and like the Jews we will compel you to come over to our party.



The Appian Way, along which the journey began. This road was constructed B. C. 312, and finally was extended as far as Brundisium. Horace followed it as far as Beneventum.

“Minus est gravis Appia tardis”

L. 6

HORACE'S TRIP TO BRINDISIUM

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK

Horace's story of his trip to Brindisium has much interest as a description of the local conditions and methods of travel at this time. The Satire has no great literary or poetic merit, but it must have been good reading to his contemporaries, who understood the allusions and jests. It was written about B. C. 37, when Horace was twenty-eight years old. The trip was made in the Spring, and it took him seventeen days to cover the distance of about three hundred miles. He traveled by mule or horseback for the most part, but he spent one night on a canal boat and one day in a post-chaise. He started from Rome with one companion, Heliodorus, a Greek rhetorician; three days later he met Maecenas, Varius, Virgil and other friends.

The object of Horace's trip was no doubt to give companionship to Maecenas, who was going with Cocceius and Fonteius to try and arrange a reconciliation between Augustus and Anthony. Of this serious side to the excursion, Horace wisely says little.

Maecenas took with him a retinue, including two *scurræ* or parasites. These men were allowed to sit at the table with the other guests, and in return were expected to amuse the company with jokes and horse-play, of which a specimen is given. There is no doubt that Horace had a fine sense of humor. But how the performances of Sarmentus and Messius could be amusing it is impossible for one at the present day to understand. Nevertheless, he says: "*Prorsus jucunde coenam produximus illam.*" "We spun out that supper very pleasantly."

The special skill of the Satirist is shown to us in the ingenious way in which the author moves along from incident to incident day by day without making a monotonous chronicle. In two lines he is at Aricia in a modest inn, sixteen miles from Rome. Then he reaches the Forum Appii, twenty-three miles further, where he has experiences with the canal and its boatmen, and after a bad night is at the temple of Feronia — seventeen miles further on — in three days, and only twenty-five lines. So he trips along with incident and comment, reaching Brindisium in one hundred and five lines, thus ending, he says, "his long paper and long journey."

A great deal of patient study has been put upon the geography of his route, and we are enabled to map it out now with accuracy.

The road from Rome to Brindisium was described by Sir R. Colt Hare in his "Classical Tour through Italy", London, 1819.

He was accompanied by an artist, Carlo Labruzzi, who made a series of two hundred and twenty-six drawings, most of which have not been published. The views here reproduced were taken from the copy of a folio work privately printed at Rome in 1816 for the Duchess of Devonshire and presented to Lord John Townsend. The plates, eighteen in all, were made by Riepenhausen, P. Parboni, Morel, A. Testa, Balza, and C. Frommel. Some account of these engravings as well as of the painters has been kindly furnished me by Mr. A. E. M. Paff, of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

An introductory plate to this Satire gives the portraits of Virgil, Maecenas, Plotius and Varius, taken from an edition of Horace published in 1498, with the commentary of Jacob Locher. It is an edition printed from a manuscript newly discovered in Germany and is widely known as the Gurninger Horace.

Persons of the Satire

Horace

Heliodorus, a Greek rhetorician.

Maecenas, agent and friend of Augustus, who entertained the travelers at Clodium.

Cocceius

Fonteius Capito, agent and friend of Antony.

Anfidius Luseus, a silly praetor of the town of Fundi.

Muraena, a friend—later brother-in-law of Maecenas—who entertained the party at his house in Formiae.

Plotius
Varius
Virgil } Literary friends of Horace

Sarmentus
Messius } Parasites

*Egressum magna me exceptit Aricia Roma
Hospitio modico ; rhetor comes Heliodorus,
Graecorum longe doctissimus ; inde Forum Appi,
Differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altius ac nos
Praecinctis unum ; minus est gravis Appia tardis.
Hic ego propter aquam, quod erat deterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, coenantes haud animo aequo
Exspectans comites. Jam nox inducere terris
Umbras et caelo diffundere signa parabat ;
Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautae
Ingerere. Huc appelle ! Trecenos inseris : ohe
Jam satis est ! Dum aes exigitur, dum mula ligatur,*



The Forum of Appius, a town about forty-three miles from Rome, where Horace arrived on the second day. The Apostle Paul stopped here more than half a century later. (Acts, xxviii, 15)

It was on the Pontine Marsh, and through this a canal had been cut to the temple of Feronia, a distance of nineteen miles. Here Horace boarded a canal boat and passed the night much annoyed by the mosquitoes and frogs.

*“Mali culices, ranaeque pulastres
Avertunt somnos.”*

L. 13

Leaving magnificent Rome I reached Aricia, stopping at a fairly good inn. Heliodorus, the rhetorician, by far the most learned of the Greeks, went with me.

From Aricia we went to the Appian Forum, a place crowded with sailors and surly inn-keepers. Being leisurely travelers, we divided this trip into two stages. It is only one day for those better tucked up for travel. We took the Appian way, which is the easier. At the Appian Forum, as the water was most execrable, I proclaimed war against my stomach and waited without much patience, while my companions dined. Soon the night began to open its shadows over the earth and to display the constellations in the sky. Then our servants started to quarrel with the boatmen, the boatmen with the servants. "Pull in here"! "You are overloading it a thousand times". "Hold on—you have enough already". By the time the fare had been collected and the mule harnessed, a whole hour

*Tota abit hora. Mali culices ranaeque palustres
Avertunt somnos, absentem ut cantat amicam
Multus prolixtus vappa nauta atque viator
Certatim. Tandem fessus dormire viator
Incipit, ac missae pastum retinacula mulae
Nauta piger saxo religat sterilitque supinus.
Jamque dies aderat, nil cum procedere lintrem
Sentimus, donec cerebrosus prosilit unus
Ac mulae nautaeque caput lumbosque saligno
Fuste dolat: quarta vix demum exponimur hora.
Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha.
Milia tum pransi tria repimus atque subimus
Impositum saxis late carentibus Anxur.
Huc venturus erat Maecenas optimus atque
Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
Legati, aversos soliti componere amicos.
Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
Illinere. Interea Maecenas advenit atque
Cocceius Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem
Factus homo, Antoni non ut magis alter amicus.*

was passed. The troublesome mosquitos [*mali culices*] and the frogs in the meadows kept me from sleeping. Meanwhile, our boatman (who was soaked with much bad wine) and one of the passengers, sang in turn of his absent sweetheart. The passenger finally grew weary and went to sleep; then the lazy boatman fastened the tackle to a rock and sent his mule to feed while he lay down and snored supinely. When the day approached and we saw that the boat had made no progress, an angry passenger jumped ashore and with a willow cudgel whacked both mule and boatman over the head and back.

At last and with difficulty we reached the temple of Feronia at ten o'clock, where we washed our faces and hands in thy spring, O goddess.

Then having dined, we crept along three miles and reached Anxur, a town built on rocks which shine brightly in the distance.

Maecenas was to meet me here and the most worthy Cocceius, both being sent as ambassadors concerning important affairs, and both skilled in reconciling friends at variance. Here, on account of sore eyes, I was obliged to spread black ointment upon them. Meanwhile Maecenas arrived with Cocceius and Fonteius Capito, a man of perfect accomplishments [*factus ad unguem*] and a friend of Anthony,—no one more so.

We then reached and quickly passed Fundus, where

*Fundos Aufidio Lusco praetore libenter
Linquimus, insani ridentes praemia scribae,
Praetextam et latum clavum prunaeque batillum.
In Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus,
Murena praebente domum, Capitone culinam.
Postera lux oritur multo gratissima ; namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessa Virgiliusque
Occurrunt, animae quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit neque quis me sit devinctior alter.
O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt !
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
Proxima Campano ponti quae villula, tectum
Praebuit, et parochi quae debent ligna salemque.
Hinc muli Capuae clitellas tempore ponunt.
Lusum it Maecenas, dormitum ego Virgiliusque ;
Namque pila lippis inimicum et ludere crudis.
Hinc nos Cocceii recipit plenissima villa
Quae super est Caudi cauponas. Nunc mihi paucis
Sarmenti scurrae pugnam Messique Cicirri,
Musa, velim memores, et quo patre natus uterque*



Capua, where Maecenas played tennis while Horace and Virgil took a nap.

"Muli Capuae clitellas tempore ponunt."

L. 47

we smiled at the display of Aufidius Luscus, the "praetor", a crazy clerk who put on all his insignia of office, his purple-bordered toga, the senatorial stripe, and burned a pan of incense.

Then being weary, we stayed at the city of Mammuriae, Murena giving us lodging and Capito entertainment.

The next day came and was much the most delightful of our trip, for Plotius, Varius and Virgil met us at Sinuessa. The world never bore whiter souls than these; nor was anyone ever more devoted to them than myself. How warm our embraces, and how deep our delight!! While I have my reason, I esteem nothing so much as a congenial friend.

The little city near the bridge of Campania next offered us a roof and the Commissaries furnished us, as is their duty, with wood and salt.

Hence our Mules bore us in good time to Capua where Maecenas went to play tennis, Virgil and I to take a nap, for playing ball is not good for sore eyes and a bad digestion.

Thence we went to the magnificent villa of Coccoeius lying just beyond the inns of Caudium.

And now, O Muse, I beg you to relate in a few words, the story of the contest between the two buffoons, Saramentus and Messius Cicirrus. And tell me from what fathers were these born who entered the lists? Messius was of the brilliant race of the Oscians!

*Contulerit lites. Messi clarum genus Osci;
Sarmenti domina exstat: ab his majoribus orti
Ad pugnam venere. Prior Sarmentus: "Equi te
Esse feri similem dico." Ridemus, et ipse
Messius "Accipio," caput et movet. "O, tua cornu
Ni foret exsecto frons," inquit, "quid faceres, cum
Sic mutilus miniteris?" At illi foeda cicatrix
Setosam laevi frontem turpaverat oris.
Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta jocatus,
Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa rogabat:
Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
Multa Cicirrus ad haec: Donasset jamne catenam
Ex voto Laribus, quarebat; scriba quod esset,
Nihilo deterius dominae jus esse. Rogabat
Denique cur unquam fugisset, cui satis una
Farris libra foret gracili sic tamque pusillo.
Prorsus jucunde coenam produximus illam.
Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
Paene macros arsit dum turdos versat in igni;*

Sarmentus was a slave and his mistress still lives and owns him. Sprung from such ancestry they began the contest.

And first Sarmentus says :

" I declare, Messius, you look like a wild horse ".

" I admit it ", says Messius, and shakes his head.

" What could you not do ", adds Sarmentus, " if you still had that horn on your forehead when you are so terrible without it ? "

For his hairy face was disfigured by an ugly scar due to a wen that had been removed. So Sarmentus joked him about this, asking him to do a Cyclopean dance, saying, " With such a face, you do not need a mask or tragic buskins ."

Messius retorted briskly to these merry jests : " Have you ", he asked, " yet offered your slave-chains to the household gods, according to your vow ? " " Although you are now a clerk, Sarmentus, the rights of your mistress over you are no less good ."

Finally he asks : " Why, Sarmentus, did you ever run away when to supply so slender and graceful a person as you a pound of bread a day would be enough ? " On the whole we spun out that supper most agreeably.

Thence we went straight to Beneventum, where our anxious host almost burned us up while he was roasting some lean thrushes before the fire. For the cinders, falling on the old kitchen floor, the wandering flames

*Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Volcano summum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos coenam servosque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.
Incipit ex illo montes Apulia notos
Ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus et quos
Nunquam erepsemus nisi nos vicina Trivici
Villa recepisset, lacrimoso non sine fumo,
Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.
Hic ego mendacem stultissimus usque puellam
Ad medianam noctem exspecto : somnus tamen aufert
Intentum veneri ; tum immundo somnia visu
Nocturnam vestem maculant ventremque supinum.
Quattuor hinc rapimur viginti et milia rhedis,
Mansuri oppidulo quod versu dicere non est,
Signis perfacile est : venit vilissima rerum
Hic aqua ; sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator ;
Nam Canusi lapidosus, aquae non ditior urna
Qui locus a forti Diomede est conditus olim.
Flentibus hinc Varius discedit maestus amicis.
Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus, utpote longum
Carpentes iter et factum corruptius imbri.
Postera tempestas melior, via pejor ad usque
Bari moenia piscosi ; dein Gnatia Lymphis*



Region of the City and Inns of Caudium, about twenty miles from Capua, where they were entertained in the Villa of Cocceius.

*“Hinc nos Cocceii recipit plenissima villa,
Quae super est Caudi cauponas.”*

L. 50

quickly climbed to the top of the roof. You should have seen the hungry guests and frightened servants trying to save their supper and at the same time put out the fire.

From here Apulia began to show me its well-known mountains which the Atabulus [a hot wind] scorches and through which we never could have gotten if we had not been refreshed at the neighboring village of Trevicum—not without much tear-drawing smoke from a fire made out of wet brushes and leaves.

Here I sat till midnight, and then wearied fell into a sleep full of exciting dreams.

Hence we were taken along rapidly for twenty-four miles in post-chaises to stop at a little town whose name I can not put in verse [Equotuticum], but is easily known by description; for here water is sold, though it is the worst in the world; but the bread is very fine, so that the wise traveler is accustomed to take some along for his journey; for the bread of Canusium is gritty, and there is not a pitcherful of water more than in the previous town. The city was founded by the valiant Diomede. Here Varius sorrowfully left his weeping friends.

Thence we arrived very tired at Rubi, for we had traveled a long journey, made more difficult by the rain. Next day the weather was better, but the road was worse, even as far as the walls of Barus, a town noted for its fish.

*Iratis exstructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flamma sine thura liquecere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit. Credat Judaeus Apella,
Non ego : namque deos didici securum agere aevum,
Nec si quid miri faciat natura deos id
Tristes ex alto caeli demittere tecto.
Brundusium longae finis chartaeque viaeque est.*

We came next to Gnatia, a town built amidst troubled waters, and a place which aroused our jests and laughter; for they wanted to make us believe that incense placed on the sacred threshold liquified without flame. The Jew Apella may believe it—not I. For I have learned that the gods live a tranquil life, and that if nature does any wonder, they do not bother to send it down from the roof of Heaven.

Brindisium is the end of my long letter and journey.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The original work from which the illustrations here given were taken was a sumptuous one, and evidently involved much care, expense and knowledge of the artistic activities of the times at Rome.

Mr. A. E. M. Paff, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, at the request of Mr. Paul Sachs, was good enough to investigate the biographies of the artists concerned. He writes:

"The biographical data confirm the conclusions formed from a glance at the style of the plates and the date and place of their publication (Rome, 1816), namely that the painters and engravers who produced them were living in Rome at this time and were producing landscapes and historical pictures in the formal, conventional manner of Claude Lorrain and Poussin. Most of them were proficient in the art of their time and would scarcely copy their less distinguished contemporary, Labruzzi.

"These anachronous illustrations do not, and perhaps do not pretend to, reproduce the scenes as they appeared to Horace, but without attempting historical accuracy simply depict the towns, the ruins, the landscape with its accessories, the houses, boats, and even the costumes of the people as they were in 1800. Let us take the "Arch of Trajan", dedicated in 114, *A. D.*, as a case in point. Horace (65-8 *B. C.*), travelling along the Appian Way, no doubt passed Benvenuto, but he came by some one hundred and twenty-five years too early to see this piece of architecture which the compiler has included as an illustration of his route.

"Probably some of the drawings and paintings from which the engravings were taken, had been done without any idea of illustrating the Fifth Satire of Horace, but the Duchess of Devonshire found them suitable for use in her folio because they had



Aricia and its small inn where Horace passed the first night.
It was a small city about sixteen miles from Rome.

“Egressum magna me exceptit Aricia Roma.”
L. 1

for subjects villages and bits of landscape along the road from Rome to Brindisium. She might then supplement these pictures with drawings commissioned for the particular purpose.

"Perhaps they were all designed for this publication, the Duchess herself contributing the "View of Sinuessa", but Her Grace would hardly lack other material, for there was hardly a village, a ruin, or a seaport round about Rome which the multitude of painters of classical landscapes had not drawn or painted again and again.

"The introductory text of the folio does not contain definite information as to how and from whence the illustrations were collected, but there is no doubt that the designers of them drew their material directly from nature."

A WALK AND TALK IN ROME B. C. 34

THE NINTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK

Horace's humor is at its best in this satire which is sometimes called The Story of the Bore. In it he tells of his meeting on the Sacred Way an importunate gentleman who insists on continuing his society and presses our poet with personal questions. No one has told of experiences of this kind with so fine a touch or so much dramatic skill, though many in all ages have suffered under them. The story should be read aloud with good elocution to get its values. Perhaps Howes's poetic version will sound better than this one. The satire is read easily and has been translated and imitated by many.

Horace is taking a stroll along the Sacred Way ; one of the most famous streets of Rome. It was not a long street, reaching from the Esquiline Hill, near where the Colosseum of Vespasian was later erected, entering the southeast side of the Forum and ending at the Capitol. (See Map.) The distance was less than a mile. The street was lined with temples and public buildings and at this period with the booths of merchants.

When Horace reached the Forum he passed the Temple of Vesta near which was the tribunal of the *prætor* upon whom his companion is obliged to attend. The Forum as it looked in Horace's time at this point is shown on another page.

The Sacred Way was a kind of Fifth Avenue of Rome. It was in the Forum and along the Sacred Way that processions moved (Sat. I, 6, 44) :

*At hic si plostra ducenta,
Concurrentque foro tria funera magna, sonabit,
Cornua quod, vincalque tubas.*

For in the Forum should two hundred wains
Encounter with rude shock three funeral trains
So strong — so clear is his Stentorian bawl
He'd silence hoof and horns and trumpets all.

Poets recited verses in the middle of the Forum (Sat. I, 4, 75, 76):

*In medio qui
Scripta foro recilent, sunt multi.
I grant that some, less delicate, there are,
Who spout their poems in the public square.*

Citizens promenaded there (Epop. IV, 7):

*Sacram metiente te viam
Cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
Cneus Pompious Menas
Pacing the Sacred Street with pompous stride
Robed in a toga more than three yards wide.*

The only persons in the Satire are Horace and his bore (who has been thought, probably wrongly, to have been the poet Propertius) and Aristius Fuscus, an intimate friend to whom he addressed Ode I, 22 and Epistle I, 16.

*Ibam forte via Sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis :
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,
Arreptaque manu, "Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?"
"Suaviter ut nunc est," inquam, "et cupio omnia
quae vis."*



The Bay of Sinuessa where Horacé met Maecenas.

“Plotius et Varius Sinuessae occurrunt Virgiliusque.”

L. 40

As I was strolling along the Sacred Way, thinking as I usually do about some poetic trifle, and very much taken up therewith, a certain person whom I knew by name ran up to me and seized me by the hand.

"How are you, my dearest fellow," he says.

"Pretty well," I reply, "as times go, and I wish for

*Cum assetaretur: "Num quid vis?" occupo. At ille,
 "Noris nos," inquit; "docti sumus." Hic ego,
 "Pluris
 Hoc," inquam, "mihi eris." Misere discedere quae-
 rens*

*Ire modo ocius, interdum consistere, in aurem
 Dicere nescio quid puero, cum sudor ad imos
 Manaret talos. O te, Bolane, cerebri
 Felicem! aiebam tacitus; cum quidlibet ille
 Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret. Ut illi
 Nil respondebam, "Misere cupis," inquit, "abire;
 Jamdudum video; sed nil agis; usque tenebo;
 Persequar: hinc quo nunc iter est tibi?" "Nil opus
 est te*

*Circumagi; quandam volo visere non tibi notum;
 Trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Caesaris hortos."
 "Nil habeo quod agam et non sum piger; usque
 sequar te"*

*Demitto auriculas ut iniquae mentis asellus,
 Cum gravius dorso subiit onus. Incipit ille:*

you everything you desire." As he kept on beside me, I add, "Is there anything you want?"

"Why," he says, "you surely know me. I am a man of letters like yourself."

To this I say, "You, of course, are the more to me on that account."

Anxious to get rid of him, I begin to go faster, and then to stop and whisper something I know not what, in my boy's ear. Meanwhile I begin to fret, the sweat runs down to my ankles and I say to myself: "O Bo-lanus, if only I had your happy brain!"

But the fellow keeps chattering on about anything that comes to his mind, praising now the streets and now the city. I say nothing; whereupon finally he breaks out.

"I see you want very much to get away, but it is of no use. I really must keep by you, so where is your course?"

"There is no need for you to go out of your way," I say; "I am going to visit a friend whom you do not know. He is sick in bed, a long way across the Tiber near the Gardens of Cæsar."

"Well, I have nothing to do, I am not lazy, and I will follow you all the way."

Then I just drop my ears, like a bad-tempered ass when he has had put on him a burden heavier than usual. He begins again:

*“Si bene me novi non Viscum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies; nam quis me scribere plures
Aut citius possit versus? quis membra movere
Mollius? Invideat quod et Hermogenes ego canto.”
Interpellandi locus hic erat: “Est tibi mater,
Cognati, quis te salvo est opus?” — “Haud mihi
quisquam.*

*Omnes composui.” — Felices! nunc ego resto.
Confici; namque instat fatum mihi triste Sabella
Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna:
Hunc neque dira venena nec hosticus auferet ensis
Nec laterum dolor aut tussis nec tarda podagra;
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque; loquaces
Si sapiat vilet simul atque adoleverit aetas.
Ventum erat at Vestae quarta jam parte diei
Praeterita, et casu tunc respondere vadato
Debebat, quod ni fecisset perdere litem.
“Si me amas,” inquit, “paulum hic ades.” “Inter-
eam si
Aut valeo stare aut novi civilia jura;
Et propero quo scis.” “Dubius sum quid faciam,”
inquit,*



Canusium, once a large city. Here the bread was gritty and
the water scarce. Varius left in tears.

" If I know myself well you will not make Viscus or Varius more of a friend to you than I. For really, who can write more verses, or in a quicker time? Who can dance better than I, and I can sing in a way to make even Hermogenes envious."

Here I found a chance to interrupt:

" Have you not a mother or relations who can take an interest in these talents of yours? "

" Not a soul," he says, " I have buried them all." (" They are lucky," I mutter.) " I alone remain."

Well, dispatch me! Now I see the sad fate, predicted for me when I was a boy, by a Sabine fortune-teller after she had shaken the magic urn: 'No dreadful poison or hostile sword, shall carry you off, or pleurisy or cough, or the lingering gout; but some day a fool talker shall destroy you. If wise, you will shun the loquacious as soon as you have grown up.'

We reached at last the temple of Vesta, a quarter of the day having passed. By chance he was held in bail and was bound now to put in an appearance at court, or lose his case.

" If you love me," he says, " give me here a little help."

" May I die," says I, " if I am strong enough to stand through a trial, and besides, I know nothing of civil law. I am in a hurry, as you know, to pay my visit."

“ *Tene relinquam an rem.* ” “ *Me sodes.* ” “ *Non faciam* ” *ille* ;

Et praecedere coepit. Ego ut contendere durum est
Cum victore sequor. “ Maecenas quomodo tecum? ”
Hinc repetit; “ paucorum hominum et mentis bene
sanae;

Nemo dexterius fortuna est usus. Haberes
Magnum adjutorem posset qui ferre secundas,
Hunc hominem velles si tradere; dispeream ni
Submosses omnes. ” “ Non isto vivimus illic
Quo tu rere modo; domus hac nec purior ulla est
Nec magis his aliena malis; nil mi officit unquam,
Ditior hic aut est quia doctior; est locus uni
Cuique suus. ” “ Magnum narras, vix credibile! ”

“ *Atqui*

Sic habet. ” “ Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus esse. ” “ Velis tantummodo: quae tua
virtus,
Expugnabis; et est qui vinci possit, eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet. ” “ Haud mihi deero:

"I don't know what to do," he says, "to leave you or my suit."

"Me, by all means," I say.

"I will not do it," says he, and he began to go on. It is impossible to fight when you are beaten; so I follow. Then he speaks again:

"How do you and Maecenas get on?" Maecenas is a man of few friends and of most sound judgment. No one has dealt with fortune more adroitly.

"You would have a great help in one who could play a second part; if you would but present him to me, may I die if you would not supplant everyone else."

"We do not do things there quite as you suppose. There is no home purer than his, nor any establishment more a stranger to such evils as you suggest. It makes no difference to me," I say, "whether this man is richer or that he is more learned than I, and everyone has his own place."

"You are telling me a great story, scarcely credible."

"But so it is."

"You excite me now all the more to wish to be next to him."

"If you really wish it, such is your merit, you will doubtless succeed; for he is a person who can be won; but on that account he makes the first approaches to him difficult."

*Muneribus servos corrumpam; non hodie si
Exclusus fuero desistam; tempora quaeram,
Occurram in triviis, deducam. Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.” Haec dum agit, ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus et illum
Qui pulchre nosset. Consistimus. Unde venis? et
Quo tendis? rogit et respondet. Vellere coepi
Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Male salsus
Ridens dissimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
“Certe nescio quid secreto velle loqu te
Aiebas mecum.” “Memini bene, sed meliore
Tempore dicam; hodie tricesima sabbata: vin tu
Curtis Judais oppedere?” “Nulla mihi, inquam,
Religio est.” “At mi; sum paulo infirmior, unus
Multorum; ignoscet; alias loquar.” Huncine solem
Tam nigrum surrexe mihi! Fugit improbus ac me*



Arch of Trajan, at Beneventum, a town near Caudium, where
the inn caught fire.

"I shall not let myself fail; I will buy up his servants; if I am shut out today, I will try again. I will wait for the right moment; I will trail after him."

"Life has given nothing to mortals without great labor."

While he is going on in this way, we meet my good friend, Fuscus Aristius, who knows my talker thoroughly. So we stop. "Where have you been, and what are you going to do?" he asks. I began to twitch his cloak slyly and grasp his most unresponsive arm with my hand, nodding and distorting my eyes, to the end that he might deliver me.

But he, with malicious cunning, laughs and pretends not to notice it.

I became very angry, the bile burned in my liver.

"Surely you said you wanted to speak to me about something in private?"

"I remember well, but I will tell you about it at a better time. Today is the Sabbath, and you would not offend the circumcised Jews?"

"I have no religious scruples," I say.

"But I have; I am one of the many who are a little more sensitive. You will pardon me; I will speak of our matter another time."

To think that so black a cloud should come over my sun! The impudent fellow flees and leaves me under the knife again.

*Sub cultro linquit. Casu venit obvius illi
Adversarius et: "Quo tu turpissime?" magna
Inclamat voce; et "Licet antestari?" Ego vero
Oppono auriculam. Rapit in jus; clamor utrinque;
Undique concursus. Sic me servavit Apollo.*

Just then, by chance, his adversary at law came up and saw him. He shouts in a loud voice, "You infamous fellow, where are you going? May I call him as a witness?" I readily assent. He drags him into court. There is a clamor on both sides as the parties rush together from all quarters.

So Apollo saved me.



After a day of storm, and another of good weather and bad roads, Horace reached Bari, noted for its fish.

*"Postera tempestas melior, via peior ad usque
Bari moenia piscosi."*

L. 96

HORACE'S FRIENDS AND THE ART OF WRITING FOR THEIR PLEASURE

THE TENTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK

Horace wrote the tenth Satire when he was about thirty and had been back in Rome hardly more than five or six years. He had already written some odes, but the three books were not yet published. It is rather remarkable that this young man should have already secured so many important friends and attained such a position as a writer as is indicated in this satire. The poem was written about 30 B. C.

There is no short piece of ancient poetic literature so full as this of names of persons of influence, position or literary fame in their day ; or one which mentions so many of the earlier and standard classic writers of Rome. The Satire is intensely personal and intimate and it sounds as if read before some literary society of the time, as it probably was.

It will be interesting to group the people of the Satire and thus get a general perspective of the persons about whom Horace spins his hexameters. They consisted, first, of certain earlier and standard Roman writers ; then of later and contemporary poets and dramatists, statesmen, lawyers, military commanders, and Horace's enemies and critics ; and finally there were his friends and patrons.

He dwells especially on his predecessor in Latin writing, Lucilius, and tries to defend himself for having said unpleasant

things of that poet in a previous work (Sat. I, 4). Horace introduces Lucilius again in Satire II and evidently he has him a good deal on his mind.

Lucilius was born over seventy-four years previously and flourished two generations earlier. He was an original and forcible writer, his works gained high repute, and, as Horace admits, he invented the Roman satire. Lucilius was a man of position, a Roman knight, who served in the army under Scipio Africanus, and was a friend both of Scipio and his associate commander Laelius. Thus, Lucilius had, like Horace, the backing of prominent men of affairs. He was an important man, therefore, personally, socially and as a writer. He wrote about thirty books, mostly Satires, and Cicero said that he had the old Roman humor, *urbanitas*, in the highest perfection.* But his chief characteristic was his bitter, violent and often personal satire.

Horace's discussion of the merits of Lucilius leads him to speak of other ancient writers. These were :

Accius (B. C. 170), a Roman, tragic poet and writer of historical annals in verse.

Q. Ennius (B. C. 239 — 169), the most distinguished Roman poet of his time and called the Father of Roman Song.

Livius Andronicus (circ. B. C. 240), a freedman who wrote comedies and tragedies and whose works were popular as school books.

Nævius (circ. B. C. 230), author of comedies, tragedies, an epic and satires. He was thrown into prison for satirizing the Metelli family.

* An edition of the fragments of Lucilius was collected and published by Douza, 1593, and was republished by Lemani, Paris, 1830.

M. Pacuvius, a tragic poet and nephew of Ennius. He was also a good painter. He had three wives who all hung themselves from the same tree. His married friend Attius asked for a slip of the same tree to put in his own garden.

All these men were more or less established contributors to Latin literature and were read and studied as such at the time of Horace. We have only fragments of their works.

Incidentally he refers to a group of later or contemporary poets and playwrights, speaking of them critically or satirically. Among these are :

C. L. Calvus (B. C. 82—47), a distinguished lyric poet and orator. Ovid called him a licentious writer.

Cassius, an Etrurian poet of whom nothing is known except that he was a rapid and poor writer.

C. V. Catullus (B. C. 87—47), one of the major poets of the time and the earliest of the Roman lyric poets.

M. Bibaculus Furius Alpinus (circ. B. C. 104). He was a bombastic poet who sang of the snow on the Alps as "the spittle of Jove."

Laberius (circ. B. C. 104—43), a Roman knight, writer of mimes and farces. Cæsar once compelled him to act one of his own mimes. Intensely offended, he introduced a prologue in which he resents his humiliation and says : "Necesse est multos timeat quem multi timent."

Pitholeon, or Pittiolas, was a foolish poet of Rhodes who wrote, according to Horace, some silly epigrams, possibly defamatory of Cæsar.

He introduces several important and contemporary lawyers and orators:

Pedius Publicola.

M. V. Messala Corvinus, distinguished also as a statesman and general.

He refers to a certain Petillus, a historic character accused of stealing the golden crown from the statue of Jove on the Capitol.

He names and characterizes some of his professional brethren and contemporary critics in a rather modern way.

Faunius is "the impertinent (*ineptus*) parasite of the singer Tigellus."

Pantilius, he calls "the bug" (*cimex*).

Furius Bibaculus is "the fat minstrel of the Alps."

Demetrius "that contemptible ape" (*iste simius*).

Davus and Chremes were stock characters in Roman comedy.

Arbuscula was a popular actress.

Finally we have a list of his personal friends and admirers; upon whose judgment and approval he is content to rest his case.

These friends include men who were poets, historians, tragedians, military men, lawyers and statesmen. Here is the list:

Macænas	statesman
P. Virgil	poet
L. Varius	poet
T. Valgius Rufus	poet (Ode II, 9)
Aristius Fuscus	poet, orator, grammarian (Ode I. 22)
C. Asinius Pollio	poet, historian, and general (Ode II, 1)
Messala	lawyer, orator and general



Brundisium, on the coast of Calabria, forty miles from
Egnatia, the end of his long trip and long story.

“Brundisium longae finis chartaeque viaque est.”

L. 104

Pedius	lawyer and brother of Messala
Plotius Tucca	epic poet and a man of " <i>anima candissima</i> "
Octavianus	poet and historian
L. C. Bibulus	an old army friend
Viscus	a Roman knight, father of two senators who were poets and critics
Servius	a Roman knight and learned grammarian
Furnius	historian and friend of Augustus
C. Fundanius	writer of comedies (Sat. II 8)

As time went on Horace mentions some twenty more of his friends, but the group he had assembled at the age of thirty-five was surely creditable to his talent and personality.

*Nempe incomposito dixi pede currere versus
 Lucili. Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est
 Ut non hoc fateatur? At idem quod sale multo
 Urbem defricuit charta laudatur eadem.
 Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cetera; nam
 sic*

*Et Laberi mimos ut pulchra poëmata mirer.
 Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
 Auditoris (et est quaedam tamen hic quoque virtus).
 Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia neu se
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures;
 Et sermone opus est modo triste saepe joso,
 Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poëtae,
 Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
 Extenuantis eas consulto. Ridiculum acri
 Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.
 Illi scripta quibus comoedia prisca viris est
 Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi; quos neque pulcher
 Hermogenes unquam legit neque simius iste
 Nil praeter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum.
 "At magnum fecit quod verbis Graeca Latinis
 Miscuit." O seri studiorum! quine putetis
 Difficile et mirum Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
 Contigit? "At sermo lingua concinuns utraque*

It is true I have said that the verses of Lucilius run with a careless foot; and what admirer is so foolish as not to admit this. But in my same poem I praised him because he lashed the town with great wit. I grant him this merit, but no other; — or I might as well call the farces of Laberius beautiful poems. It is not enough for a writer to stretch the jaws of his hearers with laughter (though there is merit in this). He must have brevity, the sentence must run smoothly, not impeding itself with words weighing on tired ears. He must have a style sometimes serious, sometimes jocose, maintaining the part now of a rhetorician, now of a poet, again that of a man of the world, sparing and controlling his powers designedly. Ridicule decides great affairs oftener and better than invective. Those who wrote ancient comedy excelled in this and hence deserve imitation — writers who were plainly never read by the beautiful Hermogenes, or that ass Demetrius who only sings the songs of Calvus and Catullus.

" But Lucilius did a great thing when he mingled Greek with Latin words. "

" O belated Scholar! Do you think it hard or wonderful to do what was done by Pittiolaus [a third rate poet] of Rhodes? "

" But when one makes verses, a style which blends

Suavior, ut Chio nota si commixta Falerni est. "
Cum versus facias, te ipsum percontor, an et cum
Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli?
Scilicet oblitus patriaeque patrisque, Latine
Cum Pedius causas exsudet Poplicola atque
Corvinus, patriis intermiscere petita
Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis?
Atque ego cum Graecos facerem natus mare citra
Versiculos, vetuit me tali voce Quirinus,
Post medium noctem visus cum somnia vera:
"In silvam non ligna feras insanius ac si
Magnas Graecorum malis implere catervas."
Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Defingit Rheni luteum caput, haec ego ludo,
Quae neque in aede sonent certantia judice Tarpa,
Nec redeant iterum atque iterum spectanda theatris.
Arguta meretrice potes Davoque Chremeta
Eludente senem comis garrire libellos
Unus vivorum, Fundani; Pollio regum
Facta canit pede ter percusso; forte epos acer
Ut nemo Varius ducit; molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenae.

two languages flows more smoothly, just as does Falernian wine when mixed with Chian."

"I ask you: when a difficult case like that of Petilius is to be argued, or when Pedius Publicola and Corvinus plead their causes against you in Latin, would you have them forget country and father and mix words taken from foreigners with their native tongue like a polyglot Canusian?"

When I once, though born in Italy, tried to make some small Greek verses, Romulus, appearing to me after the midnight hour (when dreams come true) said to me:

"It is just as foolish to carry logs to the forest as for you to try to add to the great crowd of Greek writers." So while Alpinus in Epic lines turgidly strangles Memnor or soils the yellow sources of the Rhone, I amuse myself with these satires which are not recited for a prize in the temple and are not to be acted again and again in the theatre, with Tarpa judge.

You, Fundanus, are the only one living able to write as a comedian little pieces prattling of how the artful courtesan and Davus the Slave trick the old man Chemes.

Pollio, in a thrice struck measure [iambics], sings the deeds of kings. Varius composes the heroic epic as no one else. The Muses rejoicing in the country grant to Virgil a mellow and agreeable strain. But it

*Hoc erat, experto frustra Varrone Atacino
Atque quibusdam aliis, melius quod scribere possem, .
Inventore minor; neque ego illi detrahere ausim
Haerentem capiti cum multa laude coronam.
At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, saepe ferentem
Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. Age, quaeso,
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprehendis Homero?
Nil comis tragicci mutat Lucilius Acci?
Non ridet versus Enni gravitate minores,
Cum de se loquitur non ut majore reprensis?
Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quarere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos et euntis
Mollius ac si quis pedibus quid claudere senis,
Hoc tantum contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos
Ante cibum versus, totidem coenatus; Etrusci
Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius amni
Ingenium, capsis quem fama est esse librisque
Ambustum propriis? Fuerit Lucilius, inquam,*

is in the style of the Satire (which Varro Atacinus and some others tried without success) that I am able to write best ; though not perhaps so well as its inventor, Lucilius. Nor do I design to snatch from him the Crown that clings to him with so much approval. I have said that he flowed along muddily, often carrying more things that should be left out than things that should be retained.

Moreover, I ask you as a learned man, have you never found a fault in great Homer ?

Does courteous Lucilius alter nothing of the tragic poet Altius ?

Does he not ridicule the verses of Ennius as lacking in dignity, though he speaks of himself as not any better than those whom he criticizes ?

What should prevent me then, in reading the poems of Lucilius, from inquiring whether the harshness of his temperament or of his topics prevented his verses from being better made and running more smoothly — just as if any one who is content to write any old thing in hexameters, and nothing else, should be allowed to pride himself on scribbling two hundred verses before dinner and as many after. Such an one as was Cas- sius, the Etrurian, whose talent for scribbling was more copious than a running torrent, of whom the story goes that his funeral pyre was made of his own desks and writings.

*Comis et urbanus, fuerit limatior idem
Quam rufis et Graecis intacti carminis auctor,
Quamque poëtarum seniorum turba ; sed ille,
Si foret hoc nostrum fato dilatus in aevum,
Detereret sibi multa, recideret omne quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur, et in versu faciendo
Saepe stilum vertas iterum quae digna legi sint
Scripturus, neque te ut miretur turba labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus. An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis ?
Non ego ; nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere, ut
audax*

*Contemptis aliis explosa Arbuscula dixit.
Men moveat cimex Pantilius, aut cruciet quod
Vellicet absentem Demetrius, aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli ?
Plotius et Varius, Maecenus Virgiliusque,
Valgiius et probet haec Octavius, optimus atque
Fuscus et haec utinam Viscorum laudet uterque !
Ambitione relegata te dicere possum,
Pollio, te, Messalla, tuo cum fratre, simulque
Vos, Bibule et Servi, simul his te, candide Furni,
Complures alios, doctos ego quos et amicos*

I say that Lucilius was agreeable and refined and more finished than the earlier writers of verses, who were crude and uninfluenced by the Greeks; better in fine than the crowd of more ancient Latin poets. But if he had been reserved by fate to this age he would have retrenched himself and omitted all that was spun out beyond perfect need; in making his verses now he would have scratched his head and bitten his nails.

You must often turn the stylus [erase] if you would write things worthy to be read; you should not labor to have the crowd admire you, but be content with few readers. Are you foolish enough to want your odes to be read in petty schools? Not I. It is enough for me if the intelligent applaud me, as the actress Arbuscula, who despised the stupid, boldly declared when she was hissed on the stage:

"Do you think that the clown Pantilius can disturb me, or that it annoys me if Demetrius lampoons me when I am away; or that the foolish Fannius, parasite of Hermogenes Tigellus, attacks me?"

May Plotius and Varius, Mæcenas and Virgil, Valgus and Octavius and the very good Fannius approve my verse and each of the Visci commend them. May I, laying aside flattery, name you, Pollio, you, Messala, with your brother and at the same time, you Furnius, and many others, learned men and my friends,

82 *Horace: Quintus Horatus Flaccus*

*Prudens prætereo; quibus haec, sunt qualiacunque,
Arridere velim, doliturus si placeant spe
Deterius nostra. Demetri, teque, Tigelli,
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
I, puer, atque meo citus haec subscribe libello.*

whom I prudently omit. It is to these that I would like my verses such as they are to be agreeable and I should grieve if they pleased less than my hope.

I bid you, Demetrius, and you, Tigellus, to lament my success amongst the halls of your female disciples.

Go, boy, and write this quickly in my little book.

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